

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED FOR HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

VOLUME XIII. NUMBER 1.  
T. Parker  
High and Ashland East Side

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26, E. M. 305

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## FUNNY OLD MIX UP

Has Editor H. A. Sommers, of The Elizabethtown (Ky.) Something-or-other, Gone into the Sunday School Lying Business, About Things that He and I Saw on the "Moltke" Cruise?

I have received a type written postcard in which I give the word "separate," just as it is spelled in the card. It is one of the words that all half-educated people spell that way. Something less than 60 years ago I learned that it was one of the words we had to watch.

The card runs thusly:  
Blue Grass Blade  
Lexington, Ky.  
Louisville, Ky., Feb. 11, 05.

Dear Editor.

Send you under separate (?) cover a marked copy of our Kentucky Sunday School Reporter containing an announcement of the eleventh International Sunday School Convention. This is a matter of great interest to all churches and Sunday Schools, of every Denomination in the state, and you will make announcement of this in an early issue of your paper.

May I not ask you to add some paper to me regularly, as an subscriber? It would help me to know in my work to keep me informed of all Sunday School and other religious gatherings in your country.—E. A. FOX, Gen. Secretary.

Endorsed by  
H. A. SOMMERS, State President, Elizabethtown, Ky.

I got the copy of "The Kentucky Sunday School Reporter," before I did the card. It had on the wrapper, "Marked Copy."

I looked to the mark, placed and found something about the next meeting being in Toronto, Canada.

The next thing I struck at was of any interest, started out thusly:

"As we compare the statistical report for 1904 there seems to be a small loss in the number of Sunday Schools. Of course we are never able to get an entirely accurate report from all countries, but Banner Committee are supposed to gather complete reports, and even in most of them there is a falling off."

Small matter, but I was glad to see that the church was getting in its work. The only thing in the "Reporter," that was worth bell-rum was headed "Cairo Pilgrimage of the Jerusalem Sunday School Pilgrims."

I see from the papers that some Sunday School fellow sent over there, from this country, his name—none of your big St. Louis dough dealers, real things—and the little old donkey could not sink in the solid streets, Sommers with legs bordering on four feet—that is four feet long; he had only two feet on the ends of his legs, like other people—could manage not to wear out his shoe soles by turning up his toes a little, and you will notice, on this account, all the Mohammedan shoes you see in the pictures, turn up their toes so they will slide along on the ground nicely when they are riding these little jackasses.

The burned little things are the plucked little devils you ever saw—got to the point of crabs; but what if it gets to them every time they go out on the great Sarah Ann, or Sallie, every time they Bray.

(For the ox-cart death see Apocryphal New Testament).

The "Jerusalem Pilgrim" story was fairly well told, except from being told by a Christian, it just had to have some sile in it. Otherwise it fairly coincided with "Dog Fennel" the most authentic history of that country, written by a famous Kentucky divine, the late Dr. J. M. Smiley.

A part of the description of Torrey is as follows:

"Then his dress amucks in no way of the evangelist. Upon his well-made figure hangs a frock coat that the great Pugle might himself have worn. His collar, with its wings, is shiny white, and is encircled by a gossy satin tie. No wrinkles mars the "dead creased" splendor of his trousers, and the eve more gratifying upon his trim, shapely boots."

While Torrey is "over there," the band ought to play, all the time, "God save the Queen," and they ought to let him beat the band.

### DEATH OF BRO. J. M. SMILEY

Dundee, O., Feb. 15, 1905.  
Messrs. Moore and Hughes:

My subscription has expired and I cannot do without the Blade, so I send in the mon for another year.

On Feb. 1, Mr. James Monroe Smiley, of this place, died, aged 55. He was a Liberal and a good citizen, honest and honorable. I have known him many years and had many conversations with him. He was a great thinker. I never saw, or heard of, any wrong that he ever did. The funeral was conducted by S. R. Booker, of Dundee, who delivered an able oration.—W. J. HOSTETTER.

It's a lie that they have added to their repertoire since I was there in 1903. On the other hand our Moltke party were shown the place where Judas Iscariot hung himself, and there was no tree in it big enough to hold up a Kansas grasshopper, and there did not seem to have been any tree there in the last 3,000 years—reckon Solomon chopped em all down with his little George Washington hatchet.

This same H. A. Sommers of Elizabethtown, was the only person from Kentucky, except myself, who was on that trip, and he will not dare to say that any body on that tour saw what was said to be the tree on which Judas hung himself.

Sommers was soon plumb and Alfred in the chair in the cheap exercises on the Moltke; still for all that, I am not going to say he did, for I don't dead sure know that he did, and, besides he is a pretty big fellow, and lives here in Kentucky, and these dam Kentucky Christians will shoot quick as you can bat your eye.

But I will repeat here, in substance, what I say about Sommers, in "Dog Fennel."

Sommers started out on tour with one of these durned "Travelers' Accident Insurance" policies, in his glad clothes.

At Cairo a party started on ass-back across a stretch of the Sabra, that I always felt like calling Sallie, for short—to go to Memphis, about 15 miles away.

You know Sallie is all sand, and it's so soft that you might catch it with your hands and throw it 40 feet, and, let it fall end up, and a baby of ordinary pluck would not cry.

Just as an old bremee that will lay a nest will sit up and turn out old Mrs. Sphynx, (or Miss), Sommers got onto a durned old jackass, with all that fancy barber work on his legs that I, you about in "Dog Fennel."

If you would take off that jackass, and his head and turn him out in grace 3 feet high you couldn't find any more a rabbit—Kentucky rabbit; not Texas Jack rabbit; Lord, no.

When Sommers was on his little jackass, on the streets, in Cairo—none of your big St. Louis dough dealers, real things—and the little old donkey could not sink in the solid streets, Sommers with legs bordering on four feet—that is four feet long; he had only two feet on the ends of his legs, like other people—could manage not to wear out his shoe soles by turning up his toes a little, and you will notice, on this account, all the Mohammedan shoes you see in the pictures, turn up their toes so they will slide along on the ground nicely when they are riding these little jackasses.

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But I will repeat here, in substance, what I say about Sommers, in "Dog Fennel."

There is a hill, as compared with the world renowned "Moore," who was really, the "IT," with a large "I" of the whole Infidel push.

This same Baker and Zachary edited and published that book together, and in it they made charges against Ingersoll, one of which is so obscene that I cannot even indicate it here.

Zachary and Baker edited, together, in Lexington, "The Quarterly Christian," that always had that same cartoon of Ingersoll and me.

The Christian Standard Campbellite paper in Cincinnati published that Zachary was getting money under false pretense by the publishing of that paper, in claiming to be raising money for a certain missionary in Armenia. The government suppressed the publication of "The Christian Quarterly."

At the same time that Baker was getting the money for which he is now being tried, by what they call,

"Investment Companies"—Baker being engaged in one in Lexington—Zachary was engaged in a similar one in Mt. Sterling, Ky., and when Baker was arrested, or about that time, Zachary disappeared from Kentucky and went out onto the Pacific coast.

Since that time Zachary has been advertising in the Lexington Leader stock that he was selling in gold mines in Georgia.

There are many people in the Indian Territory, Infidel and Christian,

who believe that Wilkinson, "Grant," as they call him, is a big good-hewer, honest, but ignorant fellow.

But I want you to watch my prediction—that if "Grant" continues to associate with Zachary, "Grant" will be in the penitentiary inside of ten years from now. I am an old penitentiary bird, and had a better chance to know about convicts than any man who ever lived in America—say Warren Coffin—and "Grant," while he may be, and I hope is, yet innocent in to a dot, every the man that gets into the penitentiary.

**LIGHTNING**

STRIKINGLY DESTROYS A MOST BEAUTIFUL CHURCH

One of the most striking instances of God dealing with churches is his striking them with lightning. I have both heard Water Collier of Los Angeles, Calif., speak and from his own account of the destruction by lightning of a church in Pasadena, California, in only condemn the sins:

The church was the Methodist Episcopal Church with Rev. Dr. J. C. Elliott at the throttle. It was the most beautiful in the city and only four years old.

They were holding a protracted—sometimes called by the ungodly "districted"—meeting there and forty persons had joined Gideon's band.

The O weather and religion seem to have prevailed together, this winter, all over the United States. They are having both of them very bad as I write in Louisville.

I have not yet heard of the conversion there, of Henry Watterson, or John T. Walsh.

In the midst of the religious meeting in Pasadena, the lightning either of its own free will and accord, or as managed by God, or the Devil, just banged away for no reason that anybody could see, and, of all the houses in that town, picked out that church and no other than poor Billy Patterson's was hit.

Snowe was seen to come from its sky piercing steeple, and the fine Fire Department and the balance of the town were promptly on hand.

There were fine stained glass windows and elegant carpets, and fine upholstering, and new opera chairs, and fearing they would damage these by water they undertook to extinguish it with their gas engine.

The plows relied on the gas (naturally) and the wicked bet on fire. The gas engine would not work a cent, and then they prepared to use the water engine. Being Methodists they didn't think much of when it came to water in religious matters.

When they got there with the water engine it turned out that the screw on the hose would not fit the one on the hydrant, and so the people just stood there and saw the whole church consumed by the fire, and not another house was hurt.

Same old story, God is always burning churches, but never burns a saloon or an Infidel lecture hall or publishing house in heaven.

**SCHAFFER DIES ON SCAFFOLD**

Washington, Feb. 10.—Auguste L. Schaffer was hanged in the United States jail here at 12:07 o'clock today for the murder of his divorced wife in August, 1903. Schaffer's spiritual adviser announced that the condemned man had been repentant for

a harbinger as big as that one that

the last four months.

He was born in 1850, in Germany.

He was a tall, thin, gaunt man, with a

thin, pale face.

He was a member of the

Methodist Church.

He was a member

**REV. ULYSSES GRANT WILKINSON**

And A. A. Snow, ("The Beautiful") Of Iowa, (Four Feet Deep) Have Discussion About me Through The Comanche News, I. T. and Correspondency.

Linerille, Iowa, Feb. 9, 1856.  
Brother Moore.

I am in receipt of a letter from U. G. Wilkinson, and, I hereby enclose my reply to it, as it may be of some interest to you.

The correspondence came about by my writing to the Comanche News, and asking if it wouldn't be just as convenient to hold a discussion in its columns with Wilkinson as to publish his account of the Moore-Wilkinson discussion, in which case I agreed to furnish him a competent disputant.

My letter was handed to Rev. Wilkinson for reply, and, on that point, he speaks as follows:

"I must say that I do not care for such a discussion in the Comanche News, neither would the editor permit it, for it is only a local paper, and does not reach the people who would be interested in such a discussion."

I asked the Comanche News to publish the proposition I made it, but have no reply as to that. Wilkinson writes quite a lengthy letter in which he says, "As for the East of the Mississippi, C. C. Moore is the only one who had the courage to come here for a debate and he was so badly licked that his people here would not pit him against a school boy any more. He is not to be compared to Welch. \*\*\*\* I refer you to N. F. Grayson, H. A. Hinton, Linwood I. T. and all who are Infidels, who attended the debate, as to whether I have stated the truth or not.

Write to the postmaster of Ryan, I. T., about the Blade subscribers refusing to take it from the office, since the debate, if you care to investigate the matter. All I know is what he voluntarily told me, I did not ask him for the information even. He is a nice man, and will tell you the truth. I could put these things all before the Blade readers and this is what Moore knows, and this is why he refuses me space. \*\*\*\* Write H. G. Morris, of Wooster, I. T., another Infidel, and see if he has not quit Moore's paper because he has failed to make good his claims.

There are many others, but this is enough. There is nothing in Moore, but bluster and bragadocio. I expect, when I get ready, to thoroughly expose and further. As we are being busy, but have his papers all laid aside that I have been able to secure—some I have never seen at all.

When the proper time comes I will take them up and refer to them by numbers, and show where he has agreed that if he did not convert me he would turn the Blade to a Christian paper," etc., etc.

Very truly,

A. A. SNOW.

Following is a copy of the letter of brother Snow to Wilkinson.

Linerille Ia. Feb. 8, 1856.

Route 3  
U. G. Wilkinson  
Comanche, I. T.

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of yours of fifth instant. I am sorry to learn that the readers of the Comanche News, can be interested in your account of a debate with an Infidel, but would not be interested in a discussion where they would surely know that both sides were fairly represented.

But, perhaps, they are all Christians, in which case you might do wrong in giving them an opportunity of hearing the other side. You might lose some of them without being able to gain anything. They need consolation, but not argument.

I note this in view of the fact that you correct me when I say "You are the only preacher I know of who wished both sides of the question discussed."

But even you say a preacher may do wrong in debating with an Infidel before an audience composed of Christians. Then of course, every Christian that reads such a debate—he being Christian, and no part Infidel, is doing wrong, being in danger of losing his soul without any chance of any gain. This I read in your letter without reading between the lines. It is wicked, then, for Christians to read Infidel literature. It is wicked for them to read anything that might lead to Infidelity, and science has led tens of thousands that way.

What would you think of scientist who would refuse to discuss scientific subjects, except before somewhat skeptical audiences, lest he might have converts to lose?

The Christian church is, always has been, opposed to free speech and I am afraid U. G. Wilkinson is not absolutely an exception. The Catholic priest frequently says "Get all the Protestants to come out to hear me that you can, but don't you dare listen

to them." I am glad I am free and have no chains. "He that doubtless is damned," never rings in my ears when I listen to evidence for any faith. The man who poisoned his wife said: "I want no investigation." A religion that believes not in free speech; believes not in progress.

A religion that believes unbelievers shall be damned, believes not in free speech.

An opinion cannot be free when we are to be damned for it, or an opposite. Paul said: "Prove all things." This Paul thought was all right when the proof was coming his way; but when he thought it was going the other way he said: "He that preaches any other gospel, let him be anathematized."

Both Paul and the Old Testament laid the foundation of the Inquisition. Those who put Jesus to death were following the laws of Moses in so doing. Now could not the News accept a discussion of only a column each week?

But, as to your debate with Mr. Moore, though I know nothing about it, supposing he was whipped in the debate, having over estimated his powers as a debater, or under estimated yours, many a good writer, as we know Mr. Moore is, is bald footed in his own opinion of himself, on meeting an experienced opponent for the first time.

I expected one of you two fellows to be fooled. Supposing that Moore's followers had turned against him, as you aver, would not that desperation, on their part show a greater weakness than they could claim for Moore?

Would their cause die when Moore died?

When Jesus' miraculous powers failed to deliver him from his followers, it is said he was forsaken by his followers, though they afterwards rallied under the shamed pretense that God had a hand in the conspiracy.

If Moore was forsaken by such weaklings as you claim, I would very much doubt whether they had sufficient strength of mind to know what good argument was. Priests have always favored free speech when they were the speakers.

Now don't infer that I think you are just a little the opposite of free speech because you are not always willing to debate with an Infidel, but because you think it is a little dangerous for the Christians to hear such.

You have a "first catch em by the hold em" idea of salvation.

When a man escapes hell, he will go no more. His only room for movement is in a downward direction.

Any agitation is liable at any moment to let the fish, after once caught, slip back into the water. Well, that is sound orthodoxy, sure.

Talmage, and hundreds of others, advised their hearers not to read Infidel literature, nor to ever allow a doubt to be entertained in their minds for a moment.—A. A. SNOW.

I think the two letters are of very great interest and hope that all persons who are interested in the contention between Infidelity and Christianity and who may see, or know of the will do me the favor to circulate this issue of the Blade.

Copies of it in packages of five or more will be sent to any address for one cent each paper, or will be mailed, as ordered, in separate wrappings for two cents for each paper. It is quite common for newspapers, and especially small papers in small towns, with only a local patronage, as is the case with the Comanche News, to publish the Christian side of an issue, like this, and decline to publish the Infidel side of it.

This is because the editors and the patrons of such papers are not generally so intelligent as the editors and patrons of metropolitan papers. Many of our largest newspapers print each side of the religious issue, dispassionately, and print Infidel editorials and our very finest American Magazines are printing the very finest of Infidel articles.

In fact to such an extent is this true that while all true Infidels are of course, glad to see it, so much Infidel literature is being printed books, magazines and metropolitan papers by persons who are not professional Infidel propagandists, that they most seriously embarrass the work of the professionals, by "butting" in and, with their enormous facilities, furnishing a higher article of Infidel literature than we professional Infidel propagandists can possibly do with our limited opportunities. I have only lately seen the library and the people in the Indian Territory, and I was exceedingly pleased with their disposition of heart and mind, but they know well as others know, that a people in a new country, like that, could not, however inclined, devote so much time to intellectual culture as people can in more wealthy countries and the people in the Indian Territory could not even if they had millions of money, have the intellectual and educational surroundings that we have in

Lexington, and that the people of Boston, for instance, have greater degree than Lexingtonians have. Wilkinson in the Indian Territory, I had that impression of him before I saw him and in his impression of him before I saw him, though I heard him say, I think twice, and probably both times publicly, that his brethren were not encouraging him as he thought they should do.

But Wilkinson could not come to Lexington and get to preach in any of the first-class churches of the city, not even of his own sect, any more than Zachary, of Lexington, with whom Wilkinson associates on terms of equality, could get to preach in one of our fine churches.

Mr. Wilkinson is in the pulpit of either of the two fashionable—of the five—churches of his own sect, in Lexington, not to say how to talk, or walk, or act, or look, or dress. He would almost certainly make the people smile, possibly audibly, yes, possibly laugh a laugh that would not be entirely up their sleeve, like Ab Sin's trumpet and private deck. The strenuous not to say "frenzied" eloquence that he used with great aplomb and éclat in his "debate" with me, I incline to think was "driving down the house" almost like Samson did.

But, "for a' that," I personally liked Wilkinson as long as I was with him, and though I thought I discovered a little of the spirit of the victorious champion among the last words he said publicly, I must confess I was greatly surprised even with my broad experience with preachers, that what he has said about me, since our separation, is so utterly at variance with his words and conduct to me, when we were together; his good breeding when being beautifully accented by his sweet and lady-like deportment of his wife, and me.

The falsehood and insincerity in Wilkinson's utterances are phenomenal even as coming from "the cloth."

In this letter even he speaks of himself as a "school boy" and seems inclined to pose as one of these infant prodigy preachers, who, in curl and pinakes, fervently, to astound the world about the age of three years, some nine years later than Jesus is alleged to have done that.

My recollection of Wilkinson, subject to glad correction, is that he is about forty years old, weighs 180 pounds and is very robust.

He is a practicing lawyer, also.

That I am "not to be governed by Welch," is, I suppose abundantly true;

Weich being a debater, and never even having heard any debate, will I took part in the one under consideration.

As to the matter of the stopping of the Blades, by its patrons, at Ryan the following are the facts:

I live eight miles from Lexington and do not think I have been in the city this winter.

I only know of the Blade's mailing list from the letters that are opened in Lexington by Mr. Hughes, or his clerk book-keeper, the business in them noted and then sent to me.

About one letter out of ten, however, comes to me first unopened, and I open it and send it back to him with any money that may be in it using the letter, condensed, or in full, as I may conclude for publication or not using it at all.

Sometimes "discreet" cards come directly to me, and sometimes they are sent to me by Mr. Hughes.

For some months past I have hardly heard, or known, of any discontinuance of the Blade.

Nearly every case of discontinuance that is at the suggestion of the party to whom it goes, is accompanied by a kind letter in which the party says that he or she discontinues the paper from want of money to pay for it, and nearly always, expresses the desire, or purpose to renew as soon as the party gets the money.

On the notice cards such as it would be the duty of the postmaster at Ryan to send the Blade, if the Blade's going there are ordered discontinued, I remember to have seen but three in last several months. One was some address, where the reason assigned by the postmaster was "Dead." Another was from a devoted friend of the Blade, at Niagara Falls, to whom two Blades were going under different addresses and he was simply discontinuing one of the papers.

A third one was from Ryan, I. T. on some place near there—No, it was not an official card, simply a postal from a party who asked me in a very kind manner to discontinue the Blade to him as he had done to a Christian, and I printed his card, in full, in the Blade, with a kind comment upon it.

Just as I began to write this piece I stepped to the telephone and said to Mr. Hughes, my purpose being to ask him about the alleged discontinuance of the Blade at Ryan. The phone was answered by his book-keeper. She said Mr. Hughes was in Mt. Sterling, and would not be in to-day. She is an ex-

perienced book-keeper, and opens all the mail for the Blade, and of course it is her business to know about discontinuances.

In answer to my question she said she knew of no discontinuances at Ryan unless they were such as Mr. Hughes had discontinued because they were two or three years in arrears, and that we had a package of Blades that go to subscribers in Ryan.

If anything could reconcile the Orthodox to look with any degree of tolerance upon such a man as Tom Paine, surely it would be the thought that liberty was the inspiring motive, even of his religious views.

Certainly we should be able, at this late day, to rise superior to his religious views and think of him as a patriotic citizen who contributed his splendid talents toward the foundation of the republic.

The above letter and the editorial comment on it, appeared in the Atlanta News of February 10.

The first time I was ever in Atlanta, was about twenty-five years ago. I was there on business, and was talking to the two proprietors of probably the largest wholesale grocery in the town.

When we had attended to business I was curious to test them on religious matters and made a fairly conservative Infidel remark.

There was no one present but us three. Either of the two men was as big and strong as I was. They both seemed to resent what I said so deeply that it looked almost as if they might attack me for it.

Then one of them said to me, "You can talk that way in here and be safe, but if you talk that way on the street, here, you will be in danger."

My stay in that room was not prolonged.

Now a citizen of that country and an editor combine in one of Atlanta's fine papers, to compliment Tom Paine and I have not heard of either of them being killed for it, and that, too, in the state where the Rev. Sam Jones holds forth—or did hold forth, we don't hear of him these times.

Rev. Jasper may well say "De wort do move."

in term that the man who contributed most by his pen toward the foundation of a government, predicted on the separation of church and state, should have been denied for a hundred years the due credit it deserves in statescraft because of his religious opinions.

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#### LET US PRAY

That Charles C. Moore May be Preserved in Good Health for Many Years."

Venice, Chicago, Feb. 13, 1856.

Dear Mr. Moore.

It is not often that I am in the congratulating business.

The Blade beside being now one, is in its last issue, full of points and facts, with an extremely interesting way of saying it.

You are like me, the older you get, the better, and more interesting you grow. I am 72 and of course in the regular probabilities, am apt to be down, any day, but you and I may live many years to resist and show up the machinations of priesthood.

It is more important that you live long to labor for good than I, because you are much better qualified. To independent Free-thought people, women and men—Let us pray, that Charles C. Moore be preserved in good health, for many years.—W. W. WALLACE.

There are times though not so frequent now as formerly, my dear, dear doubly-dear old brother, when even with the best wife and best children in the world, I somehow covet the rest of old Brother Green and his wife, and Watson Weston, and want to go to eternal sleep beside my beloved friend, in the Lexington cemetery, but a letter like that makes things look brighter, and takes a whole lot off my heart that younger people cannot understand, and I hope that your "effectionate fervent prayer of a righteous man will avail much." Many other happy useful years to you!

Yours ever,

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we were on the Moltke tour we had the Sabbath, Mohammedan, Jewish and Christian, and we compromised by not keeping any of them, but I recall that I failed to mention two of the Sabbath that we had—the Greeks on Monday and the Egyptians on Tuesday.

We were among Syrians, but not Assyrians.

**CLERGY ARRESTED ON CHARGE OF RAISING BILLS IN THE MIDST OF HIS REVIVAL.**

Huntington, W. Va., Feb. 13.—Rev. Washington Hager, Baptist minister of Old Bailey, was arrested here today, charged with passing two dollar bills that had been raised to tens. He was engaged in conducting a revival meeting at Big Ugly Creek when the arrest was made.

#### TRUTH BEATS FICTION.

I have been at many of the most famous graves in America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

I have taken off my hat at some of them simply because I knew the guards would take it off for me if I did not. But at only two of the worlds famous graves have I ever taken off my hat because I wanted to do so. The first time was in 1855, at Rowen in France, where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake by the Catholic church, under the charge of being a witch, and the other time was at the grave of Tom Paine, at New Rochelle in New York. Now the Catholic church is canonizing Joan, and she will soon be known as Saint Joan of Arc. Funny old world isn't it?

#### KENTUCKY CHRISTIAN

##### TO BE HUNG.

Roy Green—not colored; white—is to be hung in Owensboro, Ky., on Friday, February 17.

Mr. Green's spiritual adviser is Rev. J. D. Hocker, Baptist, and to him Col. Green has confessed the crime with which he is charged. He killed a man named Coomes, for \$25.00 he had in his pocket.

Green says some whisky that Coomes gave him, made him crazy. They ought to make better whisky in Kentucky.

"The Bible for Children," lately issued by the Century Co., is recommended by the "Publishers," among other reasons because it omits "such parts as parents are apt to omit when reading aloud to their children."

#### FAMOUS FRUIT LANDS

Of the East Texas Country. Home of the Elberta peach, the strawberry, plum, pear, tomato and other fruits and vegetables. Big money in growing for the northern markets.

On February 7th and 21st, March 7th and 21st, round trip home-seekers' tickets from St. Louis, Toledo, Cairo or Memphis to Texas points at rate of one fare plus \$2 not exceeding \$15.

One way colonist tickets at half fare, plus \$2 on February 21st and March 21st.

Write for booklet on Texas fruit lands, map and time table.

L. O. SCHAEFER, T. P. A., Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati, O.

#### A Good Route to Try

##### FRISCO SYSTEM

It traverses a territory rich in undeveloped resources; a territory containing unlimited possibilities for agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, mining and manufacturing. And last, but not least, it is

The Scenic Route for Tourists.

The Frisco System now offers the traveling public excellent service and fast time—

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and points in Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indiana Territory, Texas and the Southwest.

Between Kansas City and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and the Southeast.

Between Birmingham and Memphis and points in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the West and Southwest.

Full information as to route and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any representative of the Company, or to

Passenger Traffic Department, Commercial Building, Saint Louis.

# THAT 5,000,000

You have probably seen the statement of R. G. Wright—some where in the far West—that under conditions that he thinks the Blade might have 5,000,000 subscribers. There is nothing too strange to take place now, especially in the department of religion. Russia the greatest Christian power on earth will be conquered by an atheist nation in such a way as to show that Infidels are wiser and better people than Christians, and the whole Christian religion is tottering to its fall.

You may say, if you please that I am boastful of the achievements of this little paper, but, just as when I was a preacher, you cannot say I am actuated by any mercenary motive.

I believe that any fair man or woman will say that the Blade has furnished Infidel literature as good as the best and not merely cheaper, but immensely cheaper, than has ever come from any publishing house in the world, and I am proposing how to make it, in club rates still cheaper.

To this time the single copy has been \$1.00 a year, and our only club rate 50 cents a year in clubs of 5 or more, and now we are going to send it at 40 cents a year in clubs of 10 or more—that is at a little over one-eighth of the cost of any of any other Infidel paper of its size and merit.

You who have read it can tell just as well as I can, what the people think about it from their letters I print their names and addresses and any of you could detect me in any misrepresentation. There may be other Infidel publications that would suit you better than the Blade does, even at several times the price of the Blade, or you might take the Blade, and take one or more of the others too. I want you all to inform yourselves on this point. Send for sample copies of some or all of the others, and see how you like them and then act accordingly, and to assist you in this investment, I will print the terms of any Infidel paper that asks me to do so, of course without any change. I mean by this such publication as all Infidel publications recognize as being solely Infidel. It seems to me, to be true, as far as I can be dispassionate in the matter, that the Blade is the only Infidel publication in the world that stands any show ever to attain a circulation of say 10,000.

Once there was a little boy and his Sunday-School teacher asked him "Who made you?" and he said "God made me when I was about a foot high, and I grew all the rest myself."

I believe if those who are enthusiastic friends of the Blade—though they don't say like Brother Greenhill, that it is ten times as good" as any of the others—will make a fairly strenuous combined effort they can raise the circulation of this paper to 50,000 as Bro. Wright suggests, and then I feel almost sure that I could "grow all the rest myself" up to 250,000.

Can't we make this now a subject of special effort? I simply ask you to do what you recognize in yourselves, each one for himself or herself, that you are abundantly able to do. Some real sacrifice, now and then in a good cause is good for us and makes us happier and better, but I don't ask any body to make any real sacrifice for the Blade.

The cause of Infidelity is the greatest of all the causes in the world. We cannot have anything good until we superstitious, the Christian religion, are conquered and suppressed. The land is simply rampant with crime, practically all of it being committed by Christians, priests, and preachers being in proportion to their number, the vilest people on earth, practising every crime known to the statutes of any and of all our states, and teaching lying and hypocrisy to the people until C. P. Williamson, Campbellite preacher, and president of a female college said in Lexington a week ago, that Christian officers of the law could not be trusted to keep their oaths.

Christianity, wherever it goes fills the country with war and liquor drinking and violence and doing anything to get money, all of which doctrines are plainly taught by Jesus Christ.

There are in America alone 150,000 of the lying hypocritical pampered vagabonds who preach this religion solely, and soundly, for money; and teach that to believe their superstition is worth more than the practice of morals, and we can never be a free and happy people until these lying impostors are driven out of France and Italy, two countries that have seen and know these villains for centuries.

Of course we must all try to be

personally, not merely good citizens but we must be good men and women our lives showing that in our own houses and among our neighbours, but it is the height of folly to attempt any great and public good, until Christianity, the greatest enemy of man, is destroyed. We are simply wasting our time and energy and money to be monkeying with any or all of the heads and tails that are growing up and falling down, all the time, like Jonah's joined in an effort to advance the human race.

If I mention any one of these there are people who call themselves Infidels who will flounce and get mad and act like spoiled children because I have hurt their feelings by an insinuation against something which has no moral quality in it, and in which they are co-operating with the Christians, and which intelligence ought to tell them will have passed away and been forgotten in ten years from now.

Ten years ago, if I had said anything against Bryan's 16 to 1 doctrine I would morally have offended a woman who has been a very great friend to our cause. I believed just as she did, but never said anything about it, one way or the other, and now, so thoroughly has that bad been forgotten, that of the people who read this about one in ten can recall what I 1 to 1 means, and most people would think it meant one Mormon having 16 wives or one Methodist or Campbellite preacher having 16 concubines.

In the same way, in a few years more, any and all of these fads about which some Infidels are buying themselves now will have gone and have been forgotten, and a new job lot of them will be on the market, certainly one of which will be picked out by different Infidels and proclaimed as the king-of-all for all the evils of life.

All of that kind of Infidels have still so much of their old Christian rearing in them that it is hard to reason with them, and we will just have to let them go on with their fads until they develop into something else, and then we who have determined to stick to the old fight against preachers and religion will simply have to increase our zeal, and make more sacrifice and work harder, and be personally, better men and better women.

This paper stands for nothing but opposition to religion and for higher and better lives.

I enjoy immensely seeing the expressions of the people from all the world and from all classes against this great superstition, and it hurts me to think of what a mere handful, comparatively, can read these letters.

Can't we all who are real true friends to the Blade, join in a discussion of this matter for print in the Blade, and let us see thoroughly what can be done about it even if it occupies the most of three or four issues of the Blade.

I have tried this same thing several times before and have not succeeded in eliciting any special interest, and it has simply afforded an opportunity for some only professed friends of the Blade to write me letters saying that I am "all the time begging," when they know that, "usually, it is not a cent of profit to me." That kind can now write to me just as much as they want, but their letters will not appear in the Blade and all of these outsize issues and crank fads will be left out of any letter that may be good otherwise.

I do not ask you to give one single cent to assist the paper. I only ask you to pay for its circulation in proportion to your means, if you are not already doing that. If you are readying your share write me a short letter about it, any how.

If you cannot pay for any more Blades, at the present rates a year, possibly, you can send a few cents—not less than five—for Blades at 1 cent each to be sent to any one address or at two cents each, to be sent in separate wrappers to any address in America.

When you send for these it will be with the understanding that we will send any issue or issues that you order if we have them, and that we do not have these we will make up the number in others, as we think you would prefer or as would be most possible for us.

I want to give this one more thorough analysis—more thorough than I have ever done—and then, I see plainly that I cannot succeed at it, the chances are that I would never again try it during the balance of my days.

I do not expect to be much disappointed or hurt in my feelings if this fails to elicit any interest, and I shall remember that this little paper has had many expressions of kindness for it, in all conceivable ways, but, some-

how, I have long had an idea that some day before I die, this little paper would make it one of the wonders of this country.

It would only be in keeping with my strange life, up to this date that it should do so.

Just think what a stir it would create in religious circles to know that this paper which has brought so much outrage and injustice upon its editor had attained a circulation of 100,000. It would, I believe, be the greatest influence that the world ever saw, Ingersoll and Haeckel an exception.

Palace not excepted.

I suppose it will hardly be possible for any zealous opponent of Christianity to escape Christian hate and malignity, and probably in time, I will come in for my share, but many of you, who read this will believe that to this time, when I am in my 68 year, no man or woman of any standard has ever attacked my character as a moralist.

I may not come up to my own standard of manhood and am not an example of my own ideals, but while I am living and the facts of my life are all easily obtainable, you can see that while I am continually attacking Christians and especially preachers, no man or woman attempts to retaliate by exposing any immorality in my life.

Write me about this please, and tell me what you think about it. All I will say is that it is world discussion, I will just drop it, and you will probably never hear any more from me on this subject.

In answer to this there will be many who will say that the thing for me to do is to make a good paper, and then let it stand on its own merits. That is partly true and yet every man who will say that will go to hell and who will say that he may have for sale and will say in his advertisement that it is the best kind of an article, which may, or may not, be true. But be it all the same, advertise it even when he knows it is the best kind of an article.

In the same way advertising will help the Blade even if it were known to be the best newspaper in the world, and I am simply asking you to help me to advertise it.

I am going to try to make the best Infidel publication in the whole world and to make it at the lowest rates that any publications of that sort were ever offered for, and I want you to help me in this.

If I were begging you to send your money to me, it would be another thing. But I don't get any of the money that comes to this paper, and I don't want any of it.

I have no money myself, but I am not dependent, and I simply want you to pay—not to give this money to Mr. Hughes for printing for the Infidel cause—pure Infidelity; no politics; no fads—the cheapest Infidel literature that the world ever saw.

Any way let me hear from you.

## REV. FRANK TALMAGE ON SUICIDE

"First, I charged Athelism with the chief responsibility for the crime. Self-murder is the hideous, black-visaged executioner of the merciless monster we call Athelism, Agnosticism, Infidelity."

It is the old silmy serpent coiled up under the overshadawed branches of the gnarled and worn-eaten tree of unbelief, at the foot of which sits the grinning, bear-eyed hag, Misery, crooning a dirge for a futile life. It is the death rattle of a human being whose parched lips have been set to rim of the chalice filled with the scorching, polonous concoction of blasphemy and falsehood compounded by a Voltaire, a Rousseau, Thomas Paine, or a Robert G. Ingersoll. It is the whetstone, wet with human blood, upon which the moral sensibilities can be blunted and at the same time the suicide's knife sharpened, for it teaches immoral men that there is no hereafter, and that he is responsible for his life's action to no divine maker and King."

The above is from a recent sermon of the Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage. He talks very much as if he had opened a barrel of his father's old sermons that gave us "that tired feeling," even as delivered by the old man, and they are not liable to be any more stimulating, for moral or intellectual parabum, when warned over, cold times, by the son.

I am afraid Frank's frankness is mostly in name.

As a money-getting method his present one may be a success—probably—but he has only ambition for fame, and to live among the leaders in thought, he ought to remember that some years prior to his father's death it was a constant struggle for the elder Talmage to keep himself in the public eye, and that he

moved about, from pillow to post, suggestive of one of Noah's birds—the black one—finding no place to rest where the people seemed anxious to have him rest. In fact they seemed to say to him: "Give us a rest."

While the name and sayings of the elder Talmage once appeared to newspaper readers every day; it is a fact that we hardly ever hear of him now.

Ho and Sam Jones were, a few years ago, abstruse upon the public attention continually, and laughs at the "funny things" that Sam said were more of daily occurrence.

Now the name of Sam Jones is almost unknown to the newspapers, and before long, the papers will report that Sam has died, and in a few days more, Sam will have passed almost entirely from the memory of men.

If young Talmage courts lasting fame it would probably be better for him not to preach so much like his father.

Ingersoll was witty, but I never have been one of his worshippers. He lived too easily and made too little sacrifice for others, but any discerning man can see that while the elder Talmage is now almost forgotten, and Sam Jones is forgotten even before he dies, the name of Ingersoll, even though he is a ditz, is becoming embossed with those of Voltaire, Rousseau and Paine and Frank Talmage the Christian preacher, will contribute to the perpetuation of the fame of Ingersoll, just as much as if he were an infidel propagandist.

If Frank Talmage were to die today, its announcement in the papers, would make many people know for the first time, or even merely recall, the fact that DeWitt Talmage, the once famous preacher, had a son, who was "also" a preacher—suggesting the political candidate who "also ran," and the scriptural expression "He made the stars "also."

There is a good opening for a career for Frank Talmage, but not along the lines he is now running. He ought to know that exact duplicates of Shakespeare and Ingersoll could not now attract interest—even to compete with Mary Mac Lane of Butte, Montana.

Every man is "nothing if not original."

If Frank Talmage would, right now square off, stop the frenzied and strenuous style of his father, that had clowned on the public taste and attitude and become a modest, moderate man of plain speech, as has been common among great men—Beecher and Macaulay—and show by his words and his deeds that he really wants to make the world happier by making it better, he could do a great and valuable work and make him self happy. But, as it is now, he always suggests "Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

(My father used to tell of one of his young school companions, who in reading in class, and getting it out with difficulty, word at a time, read "Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

Somebody send the man a marked copy of this—"a wink is just as good as a nod to a blind horse."

I distinguished preacher—you will find it somewhere in the Blade—has recently taken the position that suicide, under some circumstances, is not wrong. Of course it is not. What could have been more beautiful and pathetic than the suicide, in each other's arms, heart to heart, of our dear old brother and sister Green in Chicago.

The world is better and purer and happier for their having done it, and no human being on the whole earth was harmed by it, except the suffering that we all must feel for the sorrow that made them do it.

Indefinity has not been set back by it.

On the other hand it was the grandest answer the world over heard, to the Christian contention that Infidelity and heretics are scenes of horror.

Ingersoll was the most distinguished

apologist for suicide, but the smile on his face when his last word, "Betray," was spoken to his loving wife

—“the one woman for the one man”—will forever answer, a thousand times over, Frank Talmage's threadbare “straining” at “gates” and sawmills,—another Don Quixote with a new brand of mills to charge on—to show that Infidelity makes suicides.

In the meantime blade readers will please send in, to me, all reported cases of suicides, where the religious opinions of the parties are given.

Each fellow “shining on his own side”—let the Infidels look out for Christian suicides, and the Christians look out for Infidel suicides and we will find out about this thing—but don't forget some of you—especially some of you Los Angeles fellows—sound mighty like Lost Angels—

## PRICE LIST

### MEN'S NEW MODEL 16 SIZE

## WATCHES

HAMPDEN: "No. 104," 22 jewels, \$32; "105," 23 jewels, \$26; "Wm. Kinley," 21 jewels, \$28; same 17 jewels, \$12; "General Stark," 18 jewels, \$10; 15 jewels, \$8; 7 jewels, \$5.50.

WALTHAM: "Riverside Maximus," 23 jewels, \$50; "Vanguard," 23 jewels, \$30; "Riverside," 17 jewels, \$21; "P. S. Bartlett," 17 jewels, \$12.50; 15 jewels, \$9; 7 jewels, \$6.

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CASES: All the above in new Model, thin Silverine Screw Case. In Elgin's Crown or Debeer filled god screw case guaranteed by manufacturers for 20 years, artistic hand chased or plain, \$20 more; hunting, \$50 more. In 25 year case, \$20 more than in 20 year case. In cases guaranteed for all time, screw, \$8.00, or hunting, \$10.00 more than in Silverine case. Price of solid gold cases on application.

Every watch guaranteed fresh and new from factory (no "shape-keepers"), an accurate time-keeper and if well used, good for fifty years or longer. Will be kept in order for one year. Beware of "Special" movements and cases made nobody knows where, and which you cannot price intelligently and buy everywhere. Also of die-work (stamped) "engraved" cases—they are a fraud. Those listed above are known to be the best watches made, and—if watch is now and perfect—you are safe to buy them where price is lowest. I pay freight.

### LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.

Large (6) size Elgin, Waltham or Hampden, 20 year gold filled latest style, artistic hand-chased, 7 jewels, \$10; 15 jewels, \$12.50; 16 jewels, adj., \$12. Small (o) size 7 jewels, \$11.50; 15 jewels, \$15; 16 jewels, adj., \$18. "Riverside," extra fine, \$26. In 25 year case, \$1 more. In 14k solid gold case, \$10 to \$60 more. Latter with diamonds, all in plain box, prepaid, with guarantee.

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Long Guards, latest style, soldered links, opals or other sets in slides, rolled plated, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Best Filled Gold, \$2.50, \$3 and \$4. Extra heavy, \$5. Solid Gold, \$8, \$10, \$10 and \$25. Gent's Chains, same variety. Orders filled from any catalogue at same price or less. Cash refunded at option.

### DIAMONDS, PEARLS, OPALS, ETC.

I am an expert in this line and will save you 20 per cent if you will order of me.

Send for price list of Jewelry, Free-thought Badges, Rings, Silver and Plated Ware, Optical Goods and My Tract, "Theism in the Crucible," free.

## OTTO WETTSTEIN

110 N. KENSINGTON AVENUE

LA GRANGE, ILL.

send Frank a marked copy of this. Drop him a little note too and get him to send me newspaper clipping about Infidel suicides.

Bro. Grob will please notice that Talmage thinks Infidelity simply means "unbelief."

"HEAVEN AND EARTH MAY PASS AWAY BUT THE B. G. B. SHALL NOT."

(My father used to tell of one of his young school companions, who in reading in class, and getting it out with difficulty, word at a time, read "Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.")

Upland, Ind., Feb. 2, 1905.

Friend Hughes—I send you names of those who pay, and those who will not. The truth of the matter is the leaven of G. O. P. politics, and holy smoke have penetrated their cuticles until you can't tell one from the other and some of ours are just as slippery as the Lord's annulled.

The leather gilded angels and the devil been fussing for first place the past month, at University place, where they would skyrocket from the skinnings gathered by the M. E. church. On February 5th, the Methodists will dedicate their \$13,000 church and cold as it is up here, hell will be at high tide, and the fumes of spent gas, sulphur and foam will doubtless rise in guisers, cubits in perpendicular height, and fill the Western hemisphere with hideous stench of burning bones as a vindication of Satan's existence.

Such a scraping together in divers ways of the filthy here, for months past, has been enough to decease the patient lambs to the bone, and "would seem little left to condone their inward cravings to satiate their mortal appetites."

Saints and sinners alike have been entreated to cough up "for the Master's cause."

Poor hard working wash women

are urged to contribute their dimes

for a "Lord Bless You, Sister."

Greenhills, old and young,

have all been up against the graft,

and if any unwary pilgrim, or knight of the grip, has not been collared for a gift, he has not been heard from.

If the financial condition of the vil-

lage does not burst its bands and go

broke, it will certainly be on the verge

of it, with thousands of dollars to

stand off by mechanics' items, if some

fool taker can't be found to risk the

ducats for the son of a ghost that

dupes and suckers may always get

their linings. Below find \$ \$ \$ \$ for

persons who stand pat on their con-

science.

Heaven and earth may pass away

but the B. G. B. shall not.—I. M. MIL-

LER.

M. GRIER KIDDER,  
Tells of a High Lonesome that he  
Had With Rev. Bob Burdette.

San Francisco, Cal. Feb. 10, 1905.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

My Brother—The first, last and only time I ever met Robt. J. Burdette, was in the 80's in New London, Connecticut.

He and I were both drunks, but was sober next day, and he wasn't. I am surprised at his present penchant for water.

He was a good fellow in liquor—I don't know how he is in water. I was pleased with one remark: "Before I get too drunk I am going to send a present to my wife: she is the best woman on earth."

I thought that a sober husband would be the most acceptable gift. I received my suggestion. He was a very good company, and the drunker he got, the more he seemed to improve. He seemed to think the same of me. Before morning we both graduated into perfection.

If he follows the hydropathic cure for alcoholism as assiduously as he did the alcohol route for hydrotherapy, he will be at high tide, and the fumes of spent gas, sulphur and foam will doubtless rise in guisers, cubits in perpendicular height, and fill the Western hemisphere with hideous stench of burning bones as a vindication of Satan's existence.

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LER.

For descriptive matter, through schedules and other needed particulars, address

H. I. MC GUIRE,  
DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT,  
6 EAST FOURTH STREET,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

LA GRANGE, ILL.

